

GRANDEST SCENERY IN THE WORLD.

EDITOR MINER:—In your issue of April 20th, you published an account of Capt. John Moss' explorations of the Colorado River, on a raft, and his attempt to discover the confluence of the Little Colorado therewith. Permit me, as one who, from sad experience, knows something about the conjunction of those streams, to give the readers of the MINER a little information on a subject which Captain John Moss knows nothing at all about. In all the maps, the junction of these two rivers are indicated as occurring in a large mountain range. And when their waters flow together, the Colorado is delineated as making a large stream, to the East. When on the contrary, the surface of the country where the Little Colorado disembosoms is perfectly level. The two streams, after joining, flow in a straight line for about half a mile, and then make a bend to the West.

In February, 1873, I left the Moqui Villages for this very point—not on an exploring expedition, but a prospecting one. I was accompanied by two companions—Jack Harvey (Black Jack), a citizen of Prescott, now living in the Globe District, and A. C. Beardon, who, at present, lives in Sonora, Mexico. There is a trail leading from the Orabi Villages to Lee's Ferry; and after passing those villages, for a distance of 40 miles, there is no water, until a stream is reached running from the North—known to the Navajoe Indians, by the name "Poco-ho-do-chish," and to the Orabi Indians, by the name "Mouma," or "Mou-yabia." We named it Palmer Creek, as, in all probability, the man Palmer was the first white man to penetrate this section of Yavapai county. But, who was this man Palmer? We knew of him was, that he left a paper with the Orabee Indians, certifying that he counted their number, in 1869, and found them consisting of 298 adults, and children; and signed his name, "A. D. Palmer." We also found his name carved in the basaltic pillars of the plains, and also carved on the colossal colonades of the "Painted Desert." And it was he who described the name of the Desert on an agate column thereof. It is on this stretch of miles, that one of the most sublime scenery ever beheld by the human eye, is encountered—the "Painted Desert."

How strange, that among all those who profess to know all about the Colorados, not one has ever mentioned the "Painted Desert."

On the night of the 4th of February, 1873, we made a dry camp, on an open, elevated mesa, or mesa. Each man had to take a turn on guard, four hours at a time: It was my morning watch, and I roused the bars at an early hour, and pointed out to me the plain before us. They rubbed their eyes and looked, and looked, and rubbed their eyes and imagined they were transferred to some fairy land, or other realm. As the sun rose higher and illuminated the many thousands of columns, and altitudes of looking sphinx, which stretched before us, as far as the eye could reach, and kept perpetually changing into the colors of the prism and variations of a kaleidoscope. We almost prostrated ourselves in adoration before the God of Nature.

THE PAINTED DESERT LAY BEFORE US.

A few hours later, on passing through it, we were startled on observing the "Fata Morgana" or mirages, consisting of many hundreds of fantastical atmospheric phenomena, such as palaces, in various styles of architecture, beautiful hanging gardens, terraces, the colonades, temples, fountains, lakes, cascades, with flags flying on their ramparts, inverted houses, towers, walled towns, conical hills, with flags flying from the tops, beautiful lawns and promenades, landscapes, spacious woods, groves, orchards, meadows, with companies of men and women, and herds of cattle, deer and antelope feeding, walking, lying, etc., and all painted with such an admirable mixture of light and shade, that it is impossible to form an adequate conception of the picture, without seeing it. Not any scenery represented by a camera can be more beautiful, or more faithful representation of nature. Our greatest astonishment was, however, evinced in beholding three mounted men with two animals, come out of the hazy atmosphere, towards us: We halted, and commenced pumping cartridges into our rifles. They halted and done the same. We soon ascertained that we were looking at our shadows.

The Indian name for this country is "ma-ma-unda," or the country of the dead Spirits, and will not approach it, on any consideration. It is from this country, in all probability, that Mr. Wells—"Mauma"—moved South.

Pushing on our way, as fast as possible, on the Painted Desert, we arrived, to-

wards evening, at Poco-ho-do-chish, Mounna, or Palmer Creek. This is a stream running South, and discharging itself into the Little Colorado, 40 miles from its confluence with the Colorado. Here we found an Orabi Indian, named Tobee, and his squaw, settled on a ranch on the banks of a Creek, three miles north from the Little Colorado. Tobee sold us onions, potatoes and cabbages, but would not accept greenbacks or silver half-dollar pieces in payment. The Orabi and Cohineenee Indians do not understand the use of money; but anything they possess, may be purchased with a little indigo, or small looking-glasses. Those were the articles which we traded with Tobee, and which we found afterwards so efficacious among the Cohineenees.

For a distance of six or seven miles west of this point, there is a succession of small streams south, from as many springs. After passing this point, no more water is encountered to the junction of the two Colorados, which is a distance of 40 miles. On approaching the confluence of the Little Colorado, on its northern banks, the country formation is lime, and very rough. Immense side canyons put into the river, which are from a thousand to twenty-five-hundred feet deep. These canyons can, however, all be headed off, as their length does not exceed four miles. On arriving within a distance of six miles, to the point where the two rivers meet, the land is perfectly level, covered with a fine growth of grass, and full of game.

On the 13th day of February, 1873, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, we arrived at the point where both rivers unite, and stood for sometime looking down at the commingling of the waters before us. The distance down to the rivers appeared to be from 2,500 to 3,000 feet—I do not think that by any possibility it would exceed 3,000 feet in a perpendicular line.

The waters of the Little Colorado are much clearer than the waters of the Colorado, and not "half mud," as stated by Moss. The Colorado is about 140 feet wide, not "200 yards," as stated by Moss. The river does not "flow in a sullen roar," but glides silently and smoothly down its channel. The western bank of the Colorado at this place is much higher than that on the east—with trees growing on the edge, which we thought were scrub pine. There is also a projection of land into the Colorado from the west side, opposite the mouth of the Little Colorado. This land is lower than the main land, and inclines with a gradual slope towards the Little Colorado, its surface being smooth and covered with grass. After satisfying ourselves with looking at the water and grand canyons, we camped, and afterwards commenced searching for some accessible nook or crevice where we could get down to the water, but in vain, and had to do without any that night.

The next day one of us went up the Colorado banks and another up the Little Colorado, a distance of five or six miles, searching for some accessible way to the water, but in vain—none could be found, and yet if we had a few kegs of powder we could soon make a trail down to water. We camped on the same spot the next night without any water. I do not know whether ever before in the history of the world any three men were as peculiarly situated as we were on the morning of the third day, as we stood on the precipice of that fearful looking chasm, gazing down on the union of two mighty rivers, and famishing for want of a little of that which was so abundant before our eyes.

All our veneration and admiration for the grand canyons of the Colorados turned into contempt, and we left them in disgust. But lest you examine the discrepancy and circumlocution of "Cap. John Moss!" He says: "My object was to locate the mouth of the Little Colorado, which has its rise in Arizona," and then he goes on to describe how he done it.

Pauline Weaver was not a trapper on the Colorado river for 30 years, as stated by Moss, but was at the time mining in Weaver District, Central Arizona.

What in the world did he want to go towards the San Francisco Mountains for, when his road should be ninety miles west of that mountain? and how did he cross the Little Colorado, the very river he was looking for, on his way to Lee's Ferry? a ferry which did not exist in 1861. It is all nonsense about "twilight gloom" enveloping the waters of the Colorado, as it is as clear and light down there as on the surface of the surrounding country. The walls of the river are not "convergent" but divergent, and recede gradually, showing clearly the effects of erosion and denudation all the way down. The width of the river, as stated before, is about 140 feet, and not "200 yards," as reported by Moss. Just listen to the braying of this long-haired jackass!

"I set out to find the mouth of the Little Colorado. I may have seen it, but could not locate it definitely, and I doubt whether

Major Powell, with all the years he spent in exploring, could locate it within thirty miles of the real point of confluence. But I soon knew that I had passed the Little Colorado by the muddy condition of the water." If Major Powell or any other man could not locate the Little Colorado in a week, he had better stay at home with his mother. I am convinced, and fully confident, that if any person placed a barrel of whisky there John Moss would locate it in less time.

The Little Colorado discharges into the Colorado river about thirty-five miles below Lee's Ferry, and the San Juan river empties itself into the Colorado about sixty-five miles above Lee's Ferry. These are the only two rivers of any importance running into the Colorado from the east, in this distance of one hundred miles. Therefore, the first stream encountered by John and his "raft" would be the Little Colorado, coming in from the east. He could not mistake it, for the canon is more grand and awe-commanding at its conflux than that of the Colorado. The river flows about three miles per hour, and the waters of the Little Colorado, as before mentioned, are more limpid than those of the Colorado. The names of both rivers mean "red." There is a nice looking sandy promenade, or sandy beach, on both sides of the waters of the Little Colorado, and also a very fine broad one on the east side of the Colorado, where John Moss could step from his "raft" with the greatest ease, and walk up the canon of the Little Colorado a distance of seventeen miles, when he would strike an Indian trail leading out on the north side, which would take him to the surface; and if he did not find this he could continue up the canon for a distance of thirty miles, where he could get out without any exertion. The Grand Canon of the Little Colorado does not exceed thirty miles in length, and has no falls, and is from 2,000 to 3,000 feet deep; but from the meanderings of the river it gives the spectator on its banks the illusive appearance of a series of canyons. The magnitude of this view is really grand, sublime and awful to behold. About twenty-five miles southeast from the junction of the Colorados, close to the Black Forest, are four Chinsence Indian villages. *Ea-Kin, Seta-Kit, Kinas-dee and Ozai*, and the chief's name is *My-si-an-tee-ha*. If Moss went to those villages enroute to Lee's Ferry, and had his "raft" constructed from the pines of the immense forest close by, in place of going to Lee's Ferry, where a stick of timber fit for a raft cannot be found in a radius of twenty miles, there would be some sense in it.

Let us quote another sentence from this long-haired egotist. "I poled myself off from the bank in a dare-devil spirit." The following will show the dare-devil spirit and bravery of John Moss on Lightner creek in 1872. It would appear that Moss had some misunderstanding with Col. R—on. He (Moss) came to camp in high dudgeon, said he had been grossly insulted by Col. R—on, and wanted the "boys" to frame a suitable challenge to Col. R—on—to meet him in mortal combat, and the "boys" did frame the following document:

"CAMP ON LIGHTNER.

To Col. R—on:—

SIR:—Permit me to inform you that you are a Pig. I have selected the spot that you are where I intend my bullet shall enter. As I am the challenging party the law of gentlemen gives you the choice of weapons. Select them, inform me and appoint an early hour and receive, sir, the assurance of the high consideration with which I am anxious to eradicate from your polluted carcass, that effervescing ulcer which has become so obnoxious to my olfactory nerves. (signed) JOHN MOSS."

Moss did not remain to fight that duel. Col. R—on appointed the following morning, and Henry Rifles, at fifty paces. Moss left camp that night and crossed Lee's Ferry, and I verily believe he would have crossed the Grand Canon of the Colorado in his terror-stricken precipitate flight from Col. R—on.

And this is the man who pushed off into the Grand Canon in a "dare-devil spirit!" O! ye Gods!

Whether John Moss was or was not an active participator with John D. Lee in the Mountain Meadows Massacre, is problematical. I incline to think he was not. I am afraid I have occupied too much of your space with this long-haired pediculous non-descript. As all the country in question is in Yavapai county I may at some future time give the readers of the MINER a series of articles embracing the Coal Fields, the Black Forest, the Painted Desert, the Grand Canons of the Colorado, and other points of interest in our country.

Hon. Geo. Snyder, President of the National Bank of Illinois, has been appointed Minister to Switzerland.

"Goldsmith Maid" beat "Rarus." at Los Angeles, to-day: Time, 2:19 1/4.

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